

Bastard (Live in Berkeley, 7 July 1979)

Ian Hunter

HmmcVestal Virginia, ain't got a bad thought in ya, you're a bastard
Mean as a killer, instinct that's within ya, you're a bastard.
Laughs like a drain and it messes up my brain
'cause you know I like the pain of never knowing
Space cow I'll chew the bad blood running through ya
Kiss you as you hit the floor 'cause you don't even know that you're a bastard
There's a crisis in the kitchen
But that don't stop you bitchin', you're a bastard
You got that Yellow jacket touch,
With the stings that hurt so much, you're such a bastard
Flirting in the shadows, aiming all those little arrows,
You're as shallow as the gallows you got me in to. (yeah)
Voodoo dolls gonna line the room, handcuffs glinting in the gloom,
One day you'll find that hidden door, inside everyone screams that you're a bastard.
(you're such a) You twist me til I'm lame, then you spin the coin again, you're such a bastard
You're so naturally perverse, you ain't even gotta rehearse, you're such a bastard
Fly like a witch, without running in some pitch
Why don't you break the switch that takes me over
My prison is your brain, your prisoner's insane
Forgot all the keys, you can break the chains
But you don't even take the blame you bastard. (Bastard, bastard) I'm enjoying that lately, you know just the
beginnings (bastard)
The agony and the ecstasy meeting at the middle of my mouth
The agony and the ecstasy can't spit it out.
Sometimes on a rainy day I draw you.
Hope for love.

Songwriters

Hunter, Ian Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>